

The Sentinel.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27.

Senators Carpenter, Sherman and General Butler held a caucus yesterday in reference to a new election in Louisiana.

The third page sparkles with some of the jealous criticism of the neighboring suburban press on "that map."

Mr. Boutwell's speech rather surprised the senate. Instead of demanding resumption of expansion, he pleaded to have the currency "let alone."

Mrs. Dr. Guthrie, who made several abortive attempts to be heard during the woman suffrage convention the other day, had a hearing before the house committee on judiciary yesterday. She is on the other side of the question with a vengeance.

Scamner in eulogizing the preceding chief justice, on the question of the confirmation of Waite, generously forbore his ancient prejudices and spoke with warmth of the great legal abilities of Justice Taney, reserving a qualification only for the Dred Scott decision.

It is come to pass that the general government regulates even the mail matter a southern state official receives. The correspondence in the Washington telegrams tells more than volumes—of the degradation and wretchedness to which the southern states are subjected.

Warmoth has worked well. He appears in the bill presented to congress in the names of Butler and Carpenter, providing for another election in Louisiana. A new sentiment is put into General Grant's mouth. He is said to hold that the present state authorities were put there by outrageous fraud, but that he was forced to help them because the courts demanded it.

President-Orton made a hard fight against Hubbard's telegraph bill, which contemplated putting the whole system under the control of the government. Mr. Orton claims that the rates are now lower than in any European country. More than this, the passage of the bill would entail a direct violation of the agreement which exists between the government and the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Evidences are not wanting to warrant a belief that the strike of the miners in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania is about ended. Both parties are weakening. The miners can not hold out forever, as their exchequer is not likely to be any too well filled. The companies, on the other hand, are impelled by motives of self preservation to offer work to the men. It will be disastrous to them to hold out on the merely formal pretext that their specified terms have not been acceded to.

To the thoughtful the most mournful phase of the unhappy tragedy of Anderson is the final one. Accustomed as we are to the cruel and barbarous code of self-defense, which justifies a man in murdering his fellow, Corwin's final escape from any severe penalty would not have been a surprise. But his discharge from even the ordinary formalities attending the death of a murderer must inevitably tend to loosen still further the restraints that hold men within bounds. To the fair-minded reader who has followed the course of the testimony as published, two facts have been made pretty plain. First, that Mr. Stilwell was not in the possession of his proper faculties, and second, that any danger to Corwin's life had passed when the two shots were fired. If, then, a man is justified in slaughtering his antagonist when that antagonist has been disarmed, Mr. Corwin has that justification. It is a justification, however, which the laws of war do not recognize, and it may be suspected that our civilization hardly keeps pace with its opportunities, when the rigorous laws of war are more gentle than those of peace. The formal citation of Mr. Corwin and the tedious detail of testimony were entirely unnecessary to bring about the end reached yesterday. What the people who lament the bloody tendency of the times wanted, was an exhaustive trial of the case in a competent court, which should impress upon men the sanctity of life and the criminality of manslaughter. To those who believe that human life should be hedged in with all the safeguards that the law can devise, the decision of the justice will be received with grievous foreboding. Such a prostitution of the functions of justice, must be regarded rather as the outcome of imbecility than absolute sympathy with lawlessness. The unfortunate creature who hurried the forms of judicial place, is perhaps rather to be pitied than execrated for failing to lift himself above the prejudices of conventionalism and the glamour of the advocate's artful plea. Men have been moved from righteousness in more trying emergencies than this by the compelling periods of an advocate's eloquence. Even a less accomplished advocate than Gen. Harrison could have made an effective plea in this case. He had that one strong argument to silence dissent—a man's house is his castle, who enters in hostility, enters at his peril. It is the function of justice to listen to arguments unmoved and look to the law prescribed and the law understood. No plea, be it ever so touching, could obliterate the fact that a murder had been done—that one man in weakness and insanity, had his poor remnant of life crushed out by a neighbor—no eloquence, were it from the tongues of angels, could obliterate that. Looking at it in the light of that higher law, which should be enforced against the narrow requirements of the code, the medium of the murder should have been sent to the higher court, that the general principle of self defense might be better illustrated and defined. As the case discloses, there is an alarming laxity in the construction of the law—Corwin would probably emerge from the more rigorous formula of a further trial clear, but we should have the benefit of a clear interpretation of a vague and mis-

chievously misunderstood provision. To the man acquitted, if he is made of the flesh common to us all, the verdict will be but poor comfort. Conscience will demand a sharp account of him. He will be called on to expiate in the years to come the unspeakable consciousness of the deed of Cain. The law may justify and uphold him, but released from the tension of trial, public opinion will be a perpetual reminder of the dark deed which even self defense can not justify to conscience. He will live to realize that terrific mother's curse on Cain:

"May the grass wither from thy feet, the woods decay, the shelter, earth a home, the dust A grave, the sun his light and heaven his God!"

The world has long heard and smiled at the funny song of the blonde burlesquers—"No matter what you do, so your heart is true." Funny as this is in the grotesque breadth of farce, it is fully matched in the presumptive truism—no matter what you do so long as you are true to party. It is Robt. W. Hughes about whom this little moral plays. Robert has just gone the way of all party flesh—from work to reward. The facts about Robert are of the biographical sort, and, when properly put, form a very interesting reading. Robert's veins swell blue with the blood of the Virginia cavaliers. He was born under the exclusive sky that covers the old dominion in Powhatan county. While young his father and mother died, and he was turned over to the tender mercy of a task master, who put him to apprenticeship as a carpenter. He illustrated his calling, and stored his mind while planning his planks. In the fulness of time, he entered the study and practice of the law and found himself with a voice. This he put to good use in canvassing for Henry Clay for president in '46. But he yearned for a wider field of usefulness and he covertly contributed to the presses of his own state—gaining breadth and scope thereby. He filled up the years in this fashion drinking convivially with the roystering Virginia lawyers ending to the bounds and fighting an occasional duel to show the blue blood unadulterated. When the war broke out he breathed courage from his nostrils—and seized the Richmond Examiner to give editorial scope to his thirst for blood. As editor of this truculent sheet he made things hot for northern mad-ells, and with an occasional blast at the impotent president of the confederacy—the quavering Davis. With the end of the war he found himself "on the fence, ready to step down on the most inviting side that presented the turf of office, rather than the wintry walks of idleness. He fell on his feet as a "loyal" republican—but as that didn't pan out so well as expected he struck his colors, and worked up Frank Blair for vice president at the New York convention. But the stars told him this was unpropitious, and the thereupon wheeled into the loyal line, where poverty ceased from troubling and yearning was at rest. Impressed with the benignancy of the Grant regime he turned into that pasture, and has fed at the fount of office ever since. He opposed Horace Greeley because he had killed Jeff. Davis, and stamped Virginia for General Grant. For this he received a district attorneyship, and by General Grant's desire was selected as candidate for governor on the grab-bucket. Overwhelmed by a 20,000 majority against him, he retired discomfited and demanded a new place from the president. So the judge of unpleasant memory, Underhill, dying conveniently, the bench was kept warm, for the chameleon consigned Robert. In a certain sense he deserved the place. He is virtually self-made, what there is of him. He has some bad defects—notably the elasticity of his political principles and unique disregard for public opinion. It is a mischievous thing to take up and reward one of these characteristics. The examples demoralizing to the younger generation that are looking on. It may never come to pass that we shall have absolute purity in politics, but we might approach something like dignity in the appointments to high places.

"Compulsory education" has, at first blush, a harshly dissonant sound in this land of latitude, if not liberty. It is this very same confusion of latitude and liberty which breeds the mischief in our political system—as illustrated in the federal interference theories which just now obtain in this country. Compulsory education has done as much for Prussia and the German states that a people so progressive as the Americans can hardly refuse a trial. The house of representatives of Illinois has agreed to a bill providing that every child between the ages of nine and fourteen shall be sent to school for a period not less than three months in each year. Whether the bill has been so carefully prepared as not to become practically inoperative is not yet certain. There are many difficulties surrounding the subject of compulsory education. What is an education under a law which compels it? Shall it consist in an attendance upon school a certain number of days, weeks or months? Or, shall the parents of every child obtain a certificate from designated authorities that it has been instructed in certain principles of learning to a given extent? Or, higher still, shall the requirements of every child be tested by examination before a board? What exceptions shall be made for the sick, and how shall exemptions for sickness be determined? Shall mental imbecility be an excuse from compliance with the law, and if so, who shall draw the line of distinction between idocy and capacity? What and how many officers will it require to see that this law is enforced? How will the ages of children be proven, and what will be the penalty for disobedience of the law? Will the state provide clothing and books for the very poor, and by what vigilance will it compel attendance during the term? What will it do in Chicago, which has 100,000 children that ought to be in school and no possible accommodations for more than two-thirds the number? Will the state build school houses for Chicago, or can it force the city to provide them in sufficient amount? To make accommodations for the conscript pupils will it shut out those under nine and over fourteen years old? Or by what means will it carry out the statute in that chaotic city? These are suggestions,

not adverse to the principle of compulsory education, but to indicate some of the difficulties to be met in applying it by statute. There is no controversy that all the children of the state should be educated. The best minds, and the deductions of reason endorse the doctrine that general education is a measure of self defense for the state. It can not be perpetuated except upon the foundations of universal intelligence. It is in some sort the right of every child of the state to be educated, and every interest of society and government demands that he should be made intelligent. But in the cities, the very places where compulsion is demanded, it is most difficult to apply it. At this time it is a practical impossibility to enforce such a law. The president of the board of education, Mr. King, and Mr. Pickard, superintendent of the city schools, both admit this while they support the doctrine of the bill. If Chicago is wise in everything else, she has been terribly foolish in the matter of school buildings, putting up a few palaces at immense cost, and running out of funds to make accommodations for half her children. But the only way overcomes the obstacles to a system of complete education is to make the attempt, in which Illinois, if she enacts this law, will lead the way.

The strong minded matrons and elderly young women of Indianapolis have appeared to congress for the upholding of woman suffrage in Wyoming. The various and moving motives inspiring this touching appeal have been set forth before in these columns. All the impassioned periods of the Ciceronian school are brought to bear to impress the inalienable right of woman to select her rulers. It has never struck the enthusiastic woman, intent on suffrage, that the right to office implies some pretty rough jolts in the journey of life. What, for instance, would our Indianapolis voters say to a feminine justice of the peace sending the partner of her bosom "up for 30 days," or pay his fine herself? Yet this is the inevitable boon of suffrage has made just such a thing to pass—Mrs. Justice What-do-you-call-her? of Cheyenne—found herself passing sentence day after day over her beloved lord, and winding up the cheerful formula of paying his fine, as well as paying for his drinks. Now that is a feature of the suffrage grant, that makes the thing look sort of blue. Fancy it in operation in this city with the nine o'clock law and the like in force? Why, women wouldn't have enough money to buy the absolutely essential "black silk" after paying her spouse's fines. Take another case: A good deal has been said about the two plucky Misses Smith, of Glastonbury, Ct., who refused to pay taxes because they couldn't vote. Miss Abby Smith's writings about the case have been decidedly entertaining in the strong minded way. But her eloquence could not stay the law. Yankee taxes, like nearly everything else in yankee-dom, are the most relentless of taxes. The ladies refused to pay and the collector sold their cows. Four of the best were driven away and sold, and the taxes of the wealthy spinsters paid. Abby's account of the sale was very affecting and drew forth some sympathy. The woman suffragists seem to regard the result as a great moral victory. To common mortals it looks like a pretty flat defeat. They refused to comply with the law and pay their taxes, whereupon the law proceeded to vindicate itself by calmly taking property as in such cases made and provided. The women stood in the way and the law walked over them with blind impartiality, just the same as any other people in like circumstances. If a victory consists in stupid contumacy and needless martyrdom to established authority, they are victors, just as in like disobedience and violation of the statute Miss Anthony was justly punished by the court for voting last fall. What advantage is gained by these attempts at passive rebellion the women may see, but it is difficult for ordinary minds to see any at all. They will probably learn in the course of time that open defiance of government is not the successful method of carrying their point. Martyrs may be of service to a cause under some circumstances, but not when obedience is right and a duty. As for the officers of the law who took the property, they had no choice. The women made their fight at the wrong place. It is the legislature of the state with whom they are at issue. The sympathizing women are making up a fund by subscription to buy back the cows, but that will not help the matter. It is well enough as a mark of regard, but probably the Smiths are not in need of the aid.

General Grant made a little speech to some of his party folks the other night, which will not appear in any of the organs, you may depend. He didn't say, "I propose to move immediately upon your works," nor "let us have peace," nor any of those sentimental little gems which the organs used to display judiciously when Horace Greeley was electrifying friend and foe by the matchless force of his oratory. No, he said none of these touching and impressive things. A delegation of his party in congress waited upon him for something, and after a little preliminary vacuity, the president delivered himself in substance to the effect that he "was beginning to think it was time for the 'republican party to unload; that it has been 'carrying too much dead weight; that an 'overweening confidence in the strength of 'the party has imposed the state administration in the south upon the general government." An occasional utterance of this sort brings back the Grant we all gloried in when he silently fought the good fight to a victorious end. If he would hold himself always to such a purpose as herein expressed, he would merit the joyful support of the great majority of his countrymen. Coming to see these enormities, even at this late day, the president should attest the sincerity of his convictions by immediately ordering an undoing of the evil work that he has been heretofore responsible for. It was under the seal of his sanction that a robber gang, aided by a drunken judge, seized the state of Louisiana, and now hold it under the same duration that the highwayman does when his hands are at the victim's throat.

and the pistol at his head. It was by the protecting magic of Gen. Grant's name that the streets of New Orleans were filled with troops and artillery. It was through Gen. Grant's protecting power that Alabama was deprived of a choice in the selection of a senator. It was through Gen. Grant the salary grab was achieved. That he has come to see the enormity of this, which is not a hundredth part of what might be summoned up, is a sign of promise. He will not be able to bring his party to reformation. Rogues never reform. You can not change the sort of people who have prostituted the name of a great party to purposes of corruption. Parties resolve into original elements—dissolution—they never amend. Corruption in parties does not come from the leaders alone—the rank and file are frequently as demoralized as the leaders. To make sure of purification there must be a fashioning anew of the better elements—not a patching of the old. It would be as reasonable to expect good government from Tweed and his ring, as from the leaders of parties who have broken the trust of the people for the last fifteen years. It is a hopeful augury, however, that Gen. Grant should come to see. His acknowledgment of the foulness of the party practices will lead thoughtful people to cast off the yoke more readily. The people have long since found out that the republican party was carrying a heavy burden, and they began unloading in California, Iowa and Wisconsin, and will continue the proceeding all along the line by and by.

Ten Franklin with a loaf of bread under his arm has been brought duly to the attention of latter-day Bostonians by a brilliant celebration. The typographical society made the banquet of this year unusually elaborate in preparations, and imposing in the array of talented guests. Governor Waburn, Mr. Shillaber, E. B. Haskell, of the Boston Herald, Charles W. Slack, Hugh O'Brien and numerous literary lights lent their aid to the entertainment. Toasts, poems and speeches edited and amused the loyal disciples of Franklin whose virtues were retouched with the eloquent descriptions of the occasion. Letters were read from the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop and from Mr. Whittier, in whose stead Mr. Gerald Massey, of England, responded to the toast, "The Poets of the 'People.'" The Boston Typographical Union, No. 13, was represented by its president, Mr. John Vincent, who made the following utterance on the subject of strikes:

"There are two sides to every question; and the great trouble in the past has been that either party has viewed the subject from but one standpoint. Let us, then, endeavor to ad in the future on the broad Christian principle of doing unto others as we would be done by. And let us hope that thereby a closer union of the two interests may be formed and strengthened as will better entitle our organization to the name 'Union,' and obliterate the word 'strike' from our vocabulary."

Several songs were rendered of a comical or amusing character, one of which was a description of "Rheumatism." Only such as never had the complaint could discover the place where the laugh came in. The celebration was the fiftieth anniversary of the Ben Franklin Typographical Society, which is probably the oldest union in the country. It keeps up the anniversaries with religious fidelity, and after many struggles for life in the past is now strong, vigorous and improving with age.

OBITUARY.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The explicit tone of the dispatches makes it very probable that David Livingstone, the African explorer, is really dead this time. He has without any very remarkable achievements filled a large place in current chronicles, and filled the trump of fame more resonantly than thousands who have done better work in the vineyard. David Livingstone was born near Glasgow, Scotland, about the year 1800. He had no advantages of education, but like Burns and Miller, he snatched from the laborious season of youth time to read and inform his mind. He was apprenticed in a cotton factory at Glasgow, but pursued with diligence and success the study of medicine and theology. He attained eminent skill in medicine and good rank as a minister. In 1840 he chose a missionary field, and was sent to South Africa. He was stationed for a number of years at the Cape of Good Hope, and learned a great many dialects of the native tongues. He penetrated the country alone, preaching and familiarizing himself with the customs of the country. In 1849, perfectly conversant with the innumerable tongues of the southern and central African continent, he penetrated to the famous lake Ngami, which had never before been seen by a European. He returned to the coast and made another voyage of discovery the next year, but was diverted by illness. Recovering his health, the next year he went up the country still further and reached a delightful land of lovely rivers, wooded valleys and a gentle, hospitable people. The land was fertile beyond his wildest fancy and the tribes prosperous, industrious and docile. This journey took him entirely through the lower part of the continent—not however without great hardships—as his native companions deserted him and the wild beasts of the jungle put his life in constant danger. He succeeded, however, and nothing daunted by his frightful experience, he presently set out on another exploring expedition. He finished this trip by 1856, and returned to England, where he supervised the publication of his missionary journals, and a narration of his adventures. In recognition of his services in the cause of geographical knowledge, he was awarded the medal of the London and Paris historical and geographical societies. His "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa" created a marked sensation in England. On completing his literary labors he returned to Africa in 1858, and has been wandering about that mysterious continent ever since. He has been heard from occasionally by letter, and was met by Stanley last year in the center of the continent. His last voyage was under every advantage. The geographical society furnished him a steam yacht and all sorts of material for navigating the African rivers. He has contributed considerable material to existing facts about Africa, and if his effects can be obtained here, later discoveries will be found, and the world will presently know the story of his fifteen years' wanderings.

ACQUITTED.

AN ANDERSON JUSTICE'S DECISION.

CORWIN DISCHARGED.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS—THE CASE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—THE MONETARY AFFAIRS.

(From a Special Correspondent of the Sentinel.)

ANDERSON, IND., Jan. 23.—To begin in the middle, John E. Corwin was acquitted today, the judge deciding that the slaughter was a justifiable one. It is profitable, however, to follow the proceedings which have resulted in this surprising decision. To all outward appearances, the trial was attended by just as many people and witnessed with just as absorbed attention as when the web began to unravel itself last Tuesday. The court had barely got settled to work when General Harrison, who is always listened to with curiosity and attention, said that he wished to explain the testimony of Mr. Halford, and that that gentleman should be recalled to the witness stand. The prosecution stating that they did not care to further examine Mr. Halford, they came to the conclusion of proceeding with the arguments. Colonel Milt Robinson opened for the prosecution and spoke at some length on the general principle of the killing and the duty of the justice in the case. Mr. Robinson's argument was direct, careful and curt. He was followed by John A. Harrison, for the defense, in an able speech, after which the court adjourned to meet at one o'clock in the afternoon, when every one was expecting the tug of war to begin as General Ben Harrison was to speak for the defense and Major Gordon to follow for the state, the case then to be laid before his honor, the justice, for decision. At one o'clock the room was densely packed with an anxious audience, who filled the aisles and the stage behind the justices' seat. Corwin came in with his counsel and took his seat near where they sat. During a short delay in waiting for the prosecution, he took from his pocket a local paper and read it with apparent attention for a few minutes. Just behind him sat his brother from New York, and Mr. L. A. Fuller, of Cincinnati. Shortly afterwards Mr. Harry Corwin, another brother, a resident of Cincinnati, came in and took a seat near by. The brothers are wonderfully alike in physique, manner and bearing—all blondes, with the same method of dress and personal adornment. Mr. John E. and Harry Corwin bear a closer resemblance than does the other one to either of them. The prisoner got up and walked about, speaking to his friends and shaking hands with great composure until the proceedings began, when he returned to his seat, where he sat with his arms folded, calmly surveying the spectators. General Harrison then commenced his argument for the defendant. During the speech Quincy Makepeace, brother-in-law of the prisoner, worked his way through the crowd in an intoxicated condition and took a seat on the floor of the stage just behind his brother-in-law, who to all appearance did not notice his arrival.

GENERAL HARRISON'S PLEA.

General Harrison never made a more brilliant plea. He grouped the facts in favor of his client with matchless skill, and it was hardly surprising that the weak brother on the bench fully assented to the demand of the great advocate. I can give but a skeleton of the line of argument. General Harrison said that they had now come to the crisis of the investigation when they would lay down their work, and his honor would begin his. The general spoke at some length on the testimony of those who were present in the room at the time of the killing, and portrayed how Colonel Stilwell had, after hastily, and as some of the testimony showed, roughly answered his wife when she asked him if he would not buckle his overcoat, and passed out of the house ahead of the gentlemen with whom he had been talking, and went directly across the street, where Mr. Halford testified he saw him take from his pants pocket a revolver and place it in a side pocket of his overcoat, and that he hastily turned the corner, went down by Corwin's office and looked through the window to see if Corwin was there, and, on seeing him, he entered, and with a cocked pistol in one hand addressed Corwin: "Damn you, I am done with you." And on Corwin's coming to the pay-out through which Colonel Stilwell was pointing his revolver he moved around to the side pay-out, and as to shoot him in a vital part, Corwin grasped him and clambered over the counter, struggling with him, which plainly showed that he had no intention of killing him then, for if he had wanted to kill him he could have done so when Stilwell was pointed at him; but he kept trying to persuade Stilwell not to shoot, and on receiving the ball from Col. Stilwell's revolver, he rapidly drew his own and, in quick succession, fired two shots into his head, and then Col. Stilwell tried to make him appear as an empty-headed town bully, a blaggart who went about the streets threatening whom he may, the law protects John E. Corwin in killing him when he did. But I say Thomas was Stilwell was a determined man in regard to shooting Corwin. He has repeatedly said that he would kill him, and witnesses here, who were his friends, tell of how they told him not to make such threats. John E. Corwin did not seek a chance to kill Thomas, but would avoid him in all places. His path from his house to his place of business led by Thos. N. Stilwell's house, but he made it a habit to cross the street and not go by there, and for this Col. Stilwell called him a coward. Mr. Ed. Henderson testified that Mr. John E. Corwin used to be a customer of his and that about two years ago he and Col. Stilwell had a quarrel in front of his store, and that he knew the colonel came into his store every day and in the evening, and for that reason Corwin quit coming to his place of business. Corwin said that John E. Corwin wanted to kill him. The general spoke for one hour and forty minutes, and covered all the testimony that had been brought up during the investigation. When the general took his seat, somewhat heated from his exertions, the spectators began applauding him loudly, when he turned facing them and telling them to stop, as it was not right or customary to do so.

MAJOR GORDON

Then took the floor, and said that his honor must not expect him to make an eloquent address, as his friend the general had said he would, but that he would only speak of the circumstances of the case and leave his honor to decide as to whether John E. Corwin was to be committed or acquitted. The major said that so far as he personally was concerned he pitied the prisoner, and that if he was innocent that he should walk out from that room in peace. He was not called here to fight against this man, but the friends of the family wanted me to come and prosecute this case, and to have justice done. And I am sure that if a better case the street bear no deep hatred against this man, but pity him as I do from the bottom of my heart. The testimony in this case is such that goes to prove that John E. Corwin could have saved the life of Colonel Stilwell. Just imagine the difference in the two men. When Corwin caught hold of the colonel by the wrist and held his arm high above his head, and stepped over a counter some forty-two inches high, and through a space of about two feet or two feet and a half, he held that arm high above his head, and in that position pushed him back to the wall and back to the partition, and when Stilwell's pistol went off he whipped his re-

volver out and shot him twice in the left side of the head. He must have pushed him back with wonderful force, for I believe that long bruise down the side of the face was caused by his head being violently pushed against that partition, and that it was not caused by the fall to the floor, how could he sustain such a bruise by striking on the flat floor of the room? I believe that Corwin must have had him down on his knees, for the course of the bullet shows it had come up. (Here Major Gordon had the overcoat of the deceased, and showed how the bullet had passed through his own coat. Now, do you suppose that if he intended to shoot Corwin when he started out of his house that he would have went out with an overcoat hanging loosely upon him and his overcoat unbuttoned? No; if he was going out for a bloody encounter, he would have buttoned up his coat and buckled his shoes, so they would not have tangled his feet. * * * Your Honor, there are three kinds of felonious homicide. The first is murder in the first degree, the second manslaughter. Now, suppose, and the third is murder in the second degree, if you can not decide upon the first of these, there remains for you the second, and if not that, there is the charge of manslaughter on which you can commit him, but if your honor can not decide upon any of these, must declare the prisoner discharged and let him go his way in peace. I wish to impress upon you the need of going around to the office where the killing was done and examine for yourself the situation, of the desks, etc." The major spoke for about one hour and a half. His speech was commented upon by all sides afterward and declared to be a most able effort considering the testimony and circumstances of the case. The justice then in company with Mr. Halford, went to Corwin's office and during their absence Mr. Corwin conversed with his friends and at one time with Mr. A. Kline, the former cashier of the suspended bank. The justice was gone but a few moments when he came back to the hall and spectators quieted down and took their seats and with painful interest watched him go to his seat and slowly take off his hat and lay his case down. It seemed then that there was no one breathing in the room, and for some four or five minutes the justice did not utter a word. The prisoner was leaning forward with an anxious look on his face, watching the justice's movements. Finally the justice said:

THE VERDICT.

"There is no evidence against the prisoner strong enough to make me commit him for trial in the circuit court, therefore I discharge him."

Following this the spectators stamped and hurraed again and again, and then they pressed about Mr. Corwin and one by one shook him by the hand. General Harrison mounted a table, and for a few minutes busy shaking hands himself. Major Gordon pressed forward and very cordially shook Mr. Corwin by the hand. Mr. Corwin then made his way out through the throng and passed down the street, accompanied by his friends, and disappeared in the crowd. The crowd began scattering about, and within ten or fifteen minutes the streets looked as ordinary as ever they did. I met the justice shortly after and said to him, "Mr. Pratt, I expect this is a relief to you." He replied, "Yes, it is, but, I don't know what it is so closely that when the evidence was all in I had pretty well made up my mind. Mr. Gordon's speech was a fine one, but it did not effect my decision any," and the old gentleman walked about looking as serene and calm as though he were looking at nothing but its normal condition.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

I met Mr. Thos. McCulloch next, and he gave me the following statement showing on the dates the indictment charges Col. Stilwell with having embezzled what he has really drawn and put in the bank. You will notice that the parties who got up this did not pay very strict regard to dates, as in one place they make him to have embezzled \$20,200 three days after the bank had failed, and again, another day they affix amounts to his name as having been embezzled on Sunday.

Thos. N. Stilwell charged in the indictment with embezzlement from the First National Bank of the following sums at times herein stated:

Counts.	Date.	Amount.
1st.	Jan. 5, 1873.	\$11,550 00
2d.	June 10, 1873.	11,550 00
3d.	July 15, 1873.	30,000 00
4th.	July 8, 1873.	30,000 00
5th.	July 15, 1873.	17,500 00
6th.	June 1, 1873.	34,400 00
7th.	Aug. 10, 1873.	36,000 00
8th.	Sept. 20, 1873.	21,900 00
9th.	Nov. 20, 1873.	22,200 00
10th.	Aug. 8, 1873.	10,000 00
11th.	Oct. 12, 1873.	36,000 00
12th.	Nov. 1873.	22,700 00
13th.	Nov. 10, 1873.	22,200 00
14th.	Jan. 10, 1873, to Nov. 20, 1873.	198,500 00
15th.	Aug. 14, 1873.	40,000 00

The books of the bank show the following sums deposited and paid out by Thos. N. Stilwell on these dates:

Date.	Drawn out.	Deposited.
Jan. 5, 1873.	\$950 00	\$40 00
June 10, 1873.	5,451 88	519 49
July 15, 1873.	489 88	30 00
July 8, 1873.	101 50	35 00
July 15, 1873.	-----	-----
June 1, 1873.	-----	-----
Aug. 10, 1873.	-----	-----
Sept. 20, 1873.	740 00	605 00
Nov. 20, 1873.	400 00	50 00
Oct. 12, 1873.	-----	-----
Nov. 1873.	145 66	-----
Nov. 10, 1873.	83,758 53	65,230 00
Jan. 10, 1873.	5 15	80 00

"Sunday," blank in hands of examiner three days previous to this time.

The town has gone back into more of its old natural style than at any time since the death of Colonel Stilwell.

A WORD IN TIME.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS—HOW THE POLICE FORCE OF THIS SHALL BE ORGANIZED AND CONTROLLED.

To the Editor of the Sentinel:

SIR: As the spring elections are fast approaching I would respectfully propose for the consideration of those in authority the following amendments to the laws now existing: 1. That the mayor of the city have the direct power of appointment of the chief of police, subject to confirmation by the council. 2. That the chief of police have full authority to appoint and organize the whole police force, said appointments to be to be confirmed by the mayor and council. 3. That the merchants and regular firms be consolidated into one, and that their pay be increased to \$3 per day or night. 4. That each policeman be required to give bond in the sum of \$200 for the faithful and honest performance of his duties. 5. That the office of city marshal be abolished and the duties of said office be performed by the chief of police, said chief to have power to appoint one deputy or assistant chief, whose pay shall be the same as the ordinary policeman, he giving a bond in the sum of \$4,000 to the chief of police for the honest discharge of such duties. 6. That the (political) board of police be also abolished, and that all investigations for derelictions of duty or other charges be brought before the mayor and chief of police, and that said parties have power to institute suit against bondsmen in such cases as they may deem expedient to covary and all damages caused by policemen while on duty. 7. That every policeman shall be able to read and write and speak the English language, and be at least five feet eight inches high, and believe some form of Christianity. In conclusion I will say that I am no office seeker.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 19.

NIGHT HAWK.